
Title: Song of Compassion

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'Tis not when eye
spills streams of
tears,
A briney wasted
flood,
But when the heart
that beats within
Sheds a single drop of
blood.

For tears are salted,
like the sea,
Good for neither beast
nor man.
But a heart a-moved to
stir a soul:
Compassion doth all
that it can.

To weep aloud for
nothing's sake
Is fruitless, and a
fool's delight.
But a sould truly
Compassionate,
Sees what is wrong
and sets it right.

For there is power in
a smile,
And strength one
needs to mend a heart,
And hands unfailing
for to heal:
And such is true
Compassion's part.